

T H E
DISTRESSED LOVERS:

O R, T H E
H I S T O R Y

O F
E D W A R D and E L I Z A.

In a SERIES of LETTERS.

I N T W O V O L U M E S.

V O L. II.

D U B L I N:

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L E T T E R S

B E T W E E N

EDWARD and ELIZA.



LETTER XXVIII.

ELIZA to EDWARD.

FOR the *Miscellaneous Thoughts*,
and the two Epigrams, in your last letter, I am equally obliged to yourself and to Mr. *Anonymous*. — No tricks upon travellers, Edward. — I am too well acquainted with your *manner* to be deceived.

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ceived.—However, it was a humorous device of yours to throw a little variety into your epistolary compositions; and I shall be very glad to read a second collection of *thoughts* by the same *band*, from which all hints, sketches, and fragments, will be very agreeable acquisitions.—

I sit down at this present time, with a full determination to make amends for the brevity of my last letter; and if I should run into the other extreme, you must thank yourself for provoking me to prolixity.—It is as hard for a woman to stop her pen as her tongue, and I pretend not to be free from the failings of my sex; though I hope I shall never be quite so loquacious as Lucy —, who absolutely talks down every body who falls in her way.—How I trifle! But I know you will forgive me.—You press me to follow your example by sending you a crowded sheet; but if you expect at the same

EDWARD AND ELIZA. 3

same time a clever one, you are too unreasonable: Copiousness and *cleverity* (a very smart lady used this word the other day) are rarely very closely allied.

WHAT you say of Dryden, is totally to my taste:—As he happened to be in the scribbling vein, he was either inimitable or intolerable. — No man who could write so well, ever wrote so ill.— The works of Blackmore do not furnish more instances of the bathos than the writings of Dryden.—If Sir Richard was alive, I would defy him to produce a line more truly ridiculous, than that which Mr. Walpole quotes from one of his heroical plays; by the exposure of which, with another equally absurd, spoken extempore, the witty Duke of Buckingham prevented that play from being represented a second time.—Prince Altiger's painted vest was nothing to — However, with all his errors and

absurdities, indelicacies, and inequalities, I admire the old bard extremely.
—So much of Dryden.—

In return for your lively Epigrams, I will present you with a few *impromptus* by a facetious gentleman in this neighbourhood, who is very ready at these little extemporaneous pieces, and affords a good deal of amusement to his friends, by the facility with which he throws his thoughts together.—

I.

To the name of the first town in Ireland;
attend,

And you'll find it most truly *Hibernian*;

Ringsend.

II.

The girls of this age while they're scheming
a marriage,

Think too much of their coach, not enough
of their carriage:

As it therefore is plain that their heads run
 on wheels,
 Where's the wonder to find them so swift
 with their heels ?

III.

When mothers exhibit their daughters about,
 From Soho to the city, at ev'ry gay route ;
 And foolishly flatter them only with *hope*,
 Themselves they may thank, if those daughters
elope.

IV.

Our secret thoughts on men and things,
 Can ne'er be safely spoken ;
 Had each a window in his breast,
 How soon would it be broken !

V.

The Saying is as true as trite,
 That men should *think* before they *write* ;
 But by the wond'rous waste of ink,
 'Tis plain men *write* before they think.

In spite of *Critical Reviews*,
His *passion* ev'ry dunce pursues ;
Forgetting that in verse or prose,
When fools *exhibit*, they *expose*.

“ THOSE who are extremely civil
“ (says an ingenious author) are seldom
“ sociable.”—I am not of this writer's
opinion ; for people of a civil are naturally of a communicative disposition, which strongly impels them to herd with their fellow-creatures. A surly fellow flies company, but a civil creature is certainly a sociable one.—Nor can I subscribe to the reason which the above author gives for this assertion ; “ Because (continues he)
“ they receive more trouble than entertainment from company.—The man of civility is never so happy as when he is in company, and always receives entertainment, because he always thinks he gives it.

So

So much for sentiment: I will now enter upon a narrative *founded on fact*;—I don't joke.—The facetious author of the above-mentioned *impromptus* furnishes me with the materials.—He, a few days ago, signalized his courage by shooting a highwayman. He had taken his place in the — stage, and posted his servant in the basket; but upon finding his pistols gave offence to the ladies in the coach,—for he always travels with them—gave up his place, with *their* consent, to *John*, and removed into the conveniency in the rear. This removal proved fortunate. The coach was soon attacked by a single highwayman, who, on presenting his piece, received a brace of bullets, which killed him on the spot. Mr. —, by lying concealed, observed his progress unsuspected, and therefore fired at him to the greatest advantage. — He saw the event with great composure, and only said,

“ Well, Ladies, I hope you won’t be
“ afraid of pistols again.—If I had not
“ let off my popper, you would have
“ been in a pitiful plight by this time.”

—The tone with which he spoke these words was so comic, that they could hardly suppress their mirth, though a murder was committed before their eyes.—I mention this humorous circumstance, as it marks the man, who is indeed the best natured, benevolent, odd mortal, I ever knew.

I SEE our friend L—— is promoted to a good living, and am very glad his merit is rewarded. On many accounts I am glad of his promotion:—He will now have it in his power to increase his domestic felicity, by the removal of several little difficulties which obstructed it before.—We may boast as much as we will about philosophy and resignation to
our

our lot in life ; but if we are embarrassed by the narrowness of our circumstances, we cannot help wishing for an enlargement of them.—Exempted, by the indulgence of heaven, from those embarrassments myself, I feel for all those who are oppressed by them. I often indeed feel too much for other people ; for *many*, I believe, who deserve not my compassion ; but it is in vain to resist the impulses of nature : — And though I often meet with ungrateful objects, I cannot check the desire I have to relieve those who are struggling with distress.— I am sliding again into the sentimental strain, to which I have a natural propensity, but which I should not indulge too much.—Yet why should I not indulge it ? By you, I am sure, I shall not be thought tedious.—

WELL,

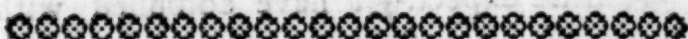
WELL, you cannot, I think, now accuse me of brevity. — Only look back. — What a medley have I mustered up for you! — Criticisms, impromptus. — I wish you may be entertained with such a mixture, and not charge me with prolixity; a failing our sex are very apt to be guilty of. —

SOPHY recovers so fast, that I dare say you will hear of some very spirited doings in this part of the country very soon. Great preparations are making for the jocund occasion. — We shall all make a very gay figure, I assure you: I wish you was among us, in the light you wish to be; for I am satisfied that you would be very happy, by enjoying the felicity of your friends. Sir Charles often mentions you with great regard; and from some hints which he lately dropped, I have reason to believe that
he

he will be able to serve you in a manner you little expect.—I have complied with your request so punctually, that I have but just room to tell you that I remain inflexibly firm, and immutably sincere, your own

ELIZA.

LET-



L E T T E R XXIX.

EDWARD to ELIZA.

“**I**NFLEXIBLY firm, and immutably
“sincere, your own Eliza.”—
How often have I repeated those heart-
cheering words, with a satisfaction which
I cannot describe! Of your firmness and
sincerity, I have had the most convincing
proofs; and I flatter myself that I have
given you no reason to doubt the
strength or the constancy of *my* affection.
—You say nothing but the truth, when
you tell me I should be happy in partak-
ing of the felicity of my friends;—I do
indeed wish to be with you in a *particular*
light.

light.—To Sir Charles. I am much obliged for the regard he expresses for me, but am at a loss to know in what manner he can be of service to me. That hint of yours wants explanation; there is at present an oracular obscurity in it, which puzzles me extremely.—By this perplexity, however, I am not any way alarmed.—I have not troubled you a great while with my apprehensions, and I hope you will not think I have any *doubts*, though I am too dull to unriddle your meaning.—Well, I must have recourse to my old friend on those occasions, Patience.—Time will show, as the news-writers say.—For my part, I am weary of conjectures.——

You was very good to leave so little blank paper in your last sheet, —
Your facetious friend's epigrams are droll, and have all the marks of *extempore* productions. — The basket anecdote

dote is curious and comic, — I should like to be acquainted with the odd mortal ; for he is certainly a diverting character. — I have made several people smile at his *popper*. — If every man who travels had his resolution, the *Bagshots* and *Macheaths* would be tired of their hazardous employments.

I AM heartily rejoiced at our friend L——s promotion. — No man by merit is more entitled to the favours of Fortune ; but every day's experience convinces us, that *her* favours are as often bestowed on the worthless as the deserving. — That L— has great merit, every body who knows him as intimately as we do, will acknowledge ; but I believe he is not obliged to his virtue, but his vote, for the happy change in his affairs. — When I say his vote, I mean not to detract from his virtue ; for in his situation, if he had voted otherwise, I should have branded him

him with ingratitude, though my principles make me lean to a different party.—

THE family in — street grow more ridiculous every day. — the imprudence of the husband can be exceeded by nothing but the indiscretion of the wife.— By their dissipated way of living they must certainly run a-ground in a few years ; for they live up to the extent of a precarious income, and make not the least provision for a couple of fine children, with whom they seem to be very much embarrassed. — Such careless undomestic people should never think of entering into the marriage state ; for they can never perform the duties of that state as they ought.—The last time I called on this *precious pair* — they are still in the same small house — I was surprised with a new stroke of their folly.— Would you believe it, Eliza, this little family

family, in their little house, are summoned together every day to dainty dishes, by a *dinner-bell*?—What affectation is this! Yes, to dainty dishes, I assure you; for nice eating is their ruling passion. — They have every thing as soon as it is in season, at an extravagant price, or else they could not touch it. — When it becomes reasonable, it becomes in their eyes contemptible. — So that by their *false* taste, they often throw away upon a single meal a sum which would set out a table decently with good management for a week. — This is what luxurious people call good-living: to me, it is just the reverse;—I think it is bad living; for setting aside the expensiveness of such a taste, it is certainly the foundation of half the distempers as well as distresses in town.—I pity from my soul the amiable children of the above wrong-headed couple, though they are too young to know that they are
objects

objects of compassion, for there is no care taken of their education.—Their foolish parents think only of gratifying their own appetites.—The boy is five years old, and the girl a year older; the prettiest little creatures I ever saw.—But the pity I feel for their situation, always damps the pleasure I receive from their innocent prattle.—Is not the behaviour of their parents more than ridiculous; is it not criminal?—I did not think, when I mentioned these people, to dwell so long on them; but their follies run so much in my head, that I cannot get rid of them.—But I will make an effort; for surely you are weary of such trifling intelligence.—Such kind of intelligence will only do among friends, in familiar letters; and yet I have seen volumes of printed letters containing matters of as little consequence to the public, as these Anecdotes would be; for the publication of which unimportant books there is but

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one apology to be made, and that is, the strong, the ardent desire in mankind to see something new.—Novelty, no matter what it is, has an irresistible charm.—The writers of the present age avail themselves of this universal passion, and often treat their readers with the most frivolous productions.—The more frivolous they are, the quicker and more extensive is their circulation.

OLD D— breakfasted with me this morning, and was really entertaining company. He told several diverting stories, and said some good things.—When the conversation turned upon the late duel,—of which you have doubtless seen a full account in the papers,—he told me, tho' he was very much shocked with the behaviour of —, he was not at all surpris'd at it.—“Where is “ the wonder, said he, that a bully is a “ coward; and that he who is afraid to “ face

“ face his enemy in the field, should kill
 “ his antagonist unfairly in a duel ? Of
 “ his boasting and want of spirit, I can
 “ give you many instances ; but he is
 “ not worth our attention.—Only I
 “ must tell you how finely I saw him
 “ corrected some years ago, for the in-
 “ solence of his carriage at G——;s
 “ Coffee-House.—He came swaggering
 “ in with a great deal of self-importance,
 “ and laying his sword upon the table,
 “ with a formidable look and fierce ac-
 “ cent, ordered the waiter to see that
 “ no body dared to remove it. With
 “ this imperious command he strutted to
 “ the back-door. When he was out
 “ of the room, an old soldier, in whose
 “ campaign-countenance the strongest
 “ marks of courage were imprinted,
 “ took up the sword with the greatest
 “ composure, and thrust it into the fire.
 “ When the young swaggerer returned,
 “ and saw his sword in so unexpected a
 C 2 “ situation,

“ situation, he swore with great energy
“ at the waiter, and enquired with great
“ vociferation what scoundrel had pre-
“ sumed to affront him. Who put
“ my sword into the fire, you rascal?
“ said he.—To this brisk interrogation,
“ the old gentleman very coolly answered,
“ ———’Twas I, sir.——You, sir!
“ replied the other, foaming with indig-
“ nation ; you, sir ! and pray, sir, what
“ was your fancy to put it there, of all
“ places !——Only to lower the met-
“ tle of it, said he with equal serenity.
“ —This answer so much disconcerted
“ the young bouncer, that he was glad to
“ sneak out of the room with his dis-
“ graced weapon, as he saw, by their
“ looks, that the whole company en-
“ joyed his confusion, and highly ap-
“ proved of the correction he had re-
“ ceived.”

I THANKED

I THANKED old D— heartily for this story; it diverted me very much; never was a bully better reprimanded!—

I THOUGHT of your Popping Anecdote last night; for a riotous buck sallied, half-seas over, into the front-boxes, and not a little terrified the ladies within his reach, by firing off Chinese crackers at them. On being dissuaded from his gunpowder amusement, which grew very offensive, and by some gentlemen near him, who told him he would certainly hurt the ladies; “O never fear, never fear, replied he; I love the dear creatures too well to hurt them,—but I must have t’other pop at them;”—and, in short, he popp’d away with such a ridiculous vivacity, that the box-keeper was under a necessity of removing him by force from a situation in which he was troublesome to be endured. With

equal firmness and equal sincerity, as
inflexible, and as immutable as your-
self, I remain

Your own,

Your fond, your faithful,

EDWARD



LETTER XXX.

ELIZA to EDWARD.

I ALWAYS thought the family in — street wrong-headed ; but the new stroke of their folly is so *immensely high*, that I can attribute it to nothing but a *derangement* of their intellects.—How excessively absurd !—I pity the poor children from my heart ; and, with you, think that the behaviour of their parents is not only ridiculous but criminal. Happily ignorant the pretty creatures are of their situation at present, and little think they of the misfortunes they must, in all human probability, struggle with,

C 4

through

through the barbarous imprudence—I cannot give it a softer epithet—of these parents. — When children are bred up in luxurious idleness, and left penniless to the wide world, how pitiable is their condition! but if I dwell on this subject, I shall be insensibly led into a train of gloomy reflections; and therefore I will encourage the admission of more cheerful ideas.

THERE was so curious an object of the feminine gender at our last assembly, that I dare say I shall, by taking her off upon paper, throw your muscles into a merry situation. She was a fat, fair, laughing, good-humoured woman; but had evidently no business there; for she disturbed every body in the room by attempting to engage their attention:—and every-body's attention was, indeed, thoroughly engaged; for I believe nobody ever beheld a figure more truly farcical.

The

The clumsiness of her whole appearance was increased by the absurdity of her dress.—Only think of a female Falstaff in white sattin ! To make her still more ridiculous, she *would* dance, though so asthmatical, that she *blowed* through a *minute* like a broken-winded horse. Can I make her yet more ridiculous ?—Yes. —By two or three uncouth movements, at first setting off, she convinced us all that she knew not what steps she was taking. — She seemed, however, extremely happy with her own *labours*, and looked as if she gave universal satisfaction. —O vanity ! vanity ! what fools dost thou make of us !—But I should not exclaim against this passion with too much acrimony ; for I don't know whether we are not greatly obliged to it for half the happiness we enjoy.

You are puzzled, you say, to know in what manner Sir Charles can be of service

vice to you; but you must remain a little longer in perplexity, because I am not permitted to make clearer communications to you.—Of his abilities to be of service to us both, I am well assured; and of his inclination to promote our felicity, I have no doubts. Be patient, therefore, and leave the solution of these riddles to time.

MR. —'s dinner-bell rings in my ears.—The woman is certainly bewitched!—A dainty couple, indeed!—But there is no scarcity of such simple pairs. I am almost as weary of hearing of them, as you are of your conjectures.—However, their follies amuse one in an idle hour; and therefore pray don't deny me that amusement, when you meet with absurd characters straggling about single, or clubbing their follies together for the *honour* of matrimony.

OLD D——'s story diverted me extremely.—I always told you, notwithstanding his gossiping disposition, that he was upon the whole, an entertaining man.—And, indeed, how should he be otherwise? For he mixes with a great deal of genteel company, converses with the most eminent people in the literary world, and has a very good memory.—Now a man who keeps good company, hears good things, and has strong retentive powers, must be a good companion.—I know you will say, that Old D—— remembers a great many things which are very trifling, and that he is too circumstantially tedious in his narrations.—He is so; but for all his tediousness and trifling, I think his company is much oftener agreeable than displeasing. Garrulity is the characteristic of age, and I can bear it with patience; but a young chatterer is insufferable.—But to return to the story:—I admire the serenity with
which

which the veteran corrected ———'s petulance and presumption. — There was certainly not only want of sense, but want of decency in his behaviour ; and I was glad to find that the looks of the whole room doubled his disgrace. — Such insolence should always be *so* exposed.

JACK ——— has a strong dash of the bullying coxcomb in him ; and I intend, when I am next in his company, to relate this story, in order to make him look silly before ——— and ———, in whose eyes he thinks he is a very clever fellow ; but if I am not mistaken in my man, I shall make him feel rather queer. Am I not a mischievous girl ? — But can I be so upon a better occasion ?

DON'T chide me for brevity : — I must hurry to a conclusion. — My thoughts are all dissipated. — my ideas disconcerted. — Sophy has just received a note which has
alarmed

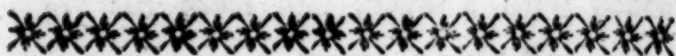
alarmed us all.—Sir Charles is suddenly seized with a fever, and from his youth and constitution every thing is to be feared, upon such an attack—Adieu!—Pray excuse this abruptness in

Your own,

Your fond, your faithful

ELIZA.

LET-



LETTER XXXI.

EDWARD to ELIZA.

POOOR Sophy! poor Sir Charles!
—I pray for the peace of the one,
and the recovery of the other.—I pity
both.—What a sudden event?—These
events, Eliza, naturally make one seri-
ous, and throw us into reflections on
the uncertainty of all sublunary affairs.
—But I will not sink into the moralist.
—Of all people in the world, you want
not to be reminded of the “shocks that
flesh is heir to.”—You *think*, you *feel*
enough.—I have no occasion to awake
thoughts of more *sensibility*.—Let me in-
treat you, however, not to indulge the
melancholy

melancholy mood, and fill yourself with frightful apprehensions. — Sir Charles is young, — was never intemperate ; — don't be cast down ; — hope the best. — I wonder not that you are alarmed ; but I beg you would, by thinking how very much I am interested in *your* health, have a particular regard to it : for I have great reason to fear, from the tenderness of your nature, that you will endanger it. — You have quite unhinged me ; — I hardly know what I write, so great is my anxiety for our dear friend in general, and for your safety in particular. — How impatient am I for another letter ! and how restless shall I be till I receive it ! — You know me too well to suppose that I can be otherwise than in a state of suspense. — Prolivity is trifling ; but I find writing an ease to my mind. — When we are full of uneasiness, it is no small relief to vent it to another. — To whom should I vent it, but to her

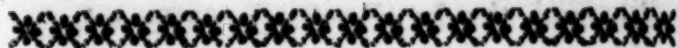
her on whom my heart is unalterably fixed?—Don't I write like one bending beneath the weight of sorrow?—I am, indeed, oppressed.—I am no hypocrite:—I cannot say *I will* not feel what I *do* feel.—The stoics, who boasted that they were above the weaknesses of humanity, were not philosophers, but ideots.—They *bullied* and *lied* in a breath;—and by the ridiculous efforts they made to appear unmoved by the anguish of pain, by those very efforts that anguish was increased.—But I am throwing away my time on these haughty pretenders to philosophy, and will drop them.—Write immediately, Eliza, on the receipt of this; for you cannot imagine—yes, I believe *you may* imagine, with what inquietude I expect the return of the post.—According to my present method of calculation, every minute will be an hour, till I hear from you.—I write like a man in confusion;
and

and I try not to hide it.—I am not ashamed of being affected, where the health and the happiness of those whom I love, honour, and esteem, receive any interruption.—Remember my last request.—With sincere hopes that I shall have reason to be rejoiced, not more depressed, with your next dear letter,

I remain,

Inviolably attached to *you* alone,

EDWARD.



LETTER XXXII.

ELIZA to EDWARD.

SUCH a letter at such a time I expected from you. I am sure you wrote it from the heart ;—it was full of the language of nature. — I wish I was just at this instant at your elbow, to put you out of your pain for your friends and *me*.—By the powerful prescriptions of a very skilful and humane physician, Sir Charles is, thank God, out of danger ; but so weakened is he, by the resistance which his constitution made to his disorder, that it will, I doubt, be a long while before he is insensible of its effects.—You would

would be surprised to see him: from a ruddy, robust man, reduced to a shadow!

—What havoc does a fever make, when it meets with a vigorous opposition!

How many people delicately made, and always complaining, live to a good old

age; while a thousand stronger than themselves are every day falling around

them, who seem to be built with the most lasting materials.—But such is the

uncertainty of life!—Those who appear the most healthy are often the soonest

reapt away, while others, of whose duration you expect to hear every hour,

linger upon the stage; and merely for want of moisture, drop into the arms of

death.—These are gloomy thoughts,

as you will tell me.—They are so.—But

such thoughts should now and then en-

ter, though they ought not to engross

attention.—There is no oc-

asion to dive into the depths of melan-

choly with—, when we reflect on the

uncertainty of human life : but a serious consideration of it is very proper to check us, when we are too solicitous about its pleasures, and to comfort us when we are too anxious about its cares.—How I philosophize !—Can you bear a Plato in petticoats ? — *You* can, I know : — but half the men in the world have a poor opinion of a woman's understanding and treat *her* who makes any pretension to literary merit, with a cordial contempt ; and even those who allow us to make a free use of our intellectual faculties, are often so absurd, as to turn us into ridicule when we exert them.—We are often in a mixed company oddly situated. — If we give our opinions in books, we are deemed pedantic ; if we confine our conversation to caps and ruffles, egregious triflers. — Is there therefore, a great deal of address required to make our deportment inoffensive to secure us from the shafts of satire,

the arrows of detraction? — From our own sex we receive no quarter, if we pretend to more knowledge than lies within the columns of a news-paper, but are branded with the names of *wits*, *learned ladies*, and *affected creatures*.—If we *write*, the laugh grows louder against us; and if we *print*, our vanity is insupportable.—“How hard is the condition of our sex!” Though I must confess that a scribbling woman, if she is not very clever indeed, is rather a nuisance in the literary world. — Carters, Cockburns, and Macaulays, appear but once in an age.

You promised to send me your thoughts on the folly of family pride : pray think of that promise, and let me have those thoughts in your next.—

Adieu !

D 3

ELIZA.

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Adieu !

D 3

ELIZA.



L E T T E R XXXIII.

EDWARD to ELIZA.

I CHIDE you not for the shortness of your last letter, because I make allowances for the situation of your mind.—In compliance with your request, I now send you the thoughts I promised some time ago.—They are loose and unconnected; but I hope they will amuse you.

“ FROM mere ancestry no merit
 “ can certainly be derived; but the pride
 “ of ancestry has been the ruling passion
 “ in all nations. The ancients, indeed,
 “ carried it sometimes to an extraordinary
 “ pitch! They were not satisfied

"tified with being descended from a
 "line of kings ; they would have Gods
 "for their grandfathers. Alexander
 "was flattered into the son of Jupiter,
 "and the Romans plumed themselves on
 "having Mars for their founder. Au-
 "gustus himself was strongly tainted
 "with this illustrious foible, or Virgil, the
 "courtly Virgil, would not have with
 "such refined adulation strained so hard
 "to draw the origin of his hero from
 "the Goddess of Beauty. To this
 "foible, Juvenal with his usual spirit
 "evidently alludes, in the beginning of
 "his eighth satire."

Long galleries of ancestors and all
 The follies which ill grace a country hall,
 Challenge no wonder or esteem from me ;
Virtue alone is true nobility.

Convince the world that you're devout and
true,

Be just in all you say, and all you do :

Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be
A peer of the first magnitude to me.

“ To a man only eminent for his fol-
“ lies or his vices, the greatness of his
“ family is an additional disgrace. If
“ those who boast of their ancestors, en-
“ deavoured to make themselves conspi-
“ cuous by the imitation of their virtues,
“ their vanity would be pardonable ; nay
“ more, it would be meritorious. But
“ when fools and cowards boast of the
“ wisdom and the courage of those from
“ whom they are descended, the folly of
“ the first and the cowardice of the last
“ are doubly conspicuous, and therefore
“ doubly contemptible. From the perfor-
“ mance

“ mance of our parts on the stage of life,
 “ arises our honour or our shame. If we
 “ behave well, and execute the parts
 “ allotted to us with propriety, we shall
 “ ever be esteemed by the wise and the
 “ good ; and their esteem is of more value
 “ than the pedigree of a *Cadwallader*.”—

SINCE I wrote my last letter I have
 drawn up a few thoughts on the fre-
 quency of public executions, occasioned
 by seeing a cart full of poor wretches
 dragged to death.—I make no apology
 for adding them to those I promised to
 send you before, because I know you are
 partial to all the little productions of my
 pen.

“ It hurts me when I observe with
 “ what a greedy curiosity the majority of
 “ mankind hurry to attend a public ex-
 “ ecution : and with what improper le-
 “ vity

“ vity they behave on the mournful oc-
“ casion. That the lowest orders of
“ people of both sexes should crowd
“ about the death-doomed convicts,
“ with stupid eyes and unfeeling hearts,
“ I wonder not ; but am always sur-
“ prized to see many persons of under-
“ standing and sensibility, actively-
“ curious with the meanest of the vul-
“ gar.—

“ THE use of punishment, and its
“ principal intent, is not to gratify the
“ injured, but by exemplary correction
“ to procure a benefit for the commu-
“ nity. We ought in all kinds of pu-
“ nishments to have a regard to the fu-
“ ture good, without entertaining any
“ thoughts of a retrospect to the aggres-
“ sion which is past : we are otherwise
“ not guided by justice, but resentment.

“ FROM

" FROM a multitude of executions
 " death becomes familiar ; and the har-
 " dened delinquent, instead of leaving
 " the world with reluctance, launches
 " into eternity with triumph. To make
 " executions frequent, is to remove the
 " horror they should excite ; and to in-
 " flict the same punishment on the petty
 " thief who steals a handkerchief, and on
 " the ruffian who commits the most cruel
 " murder, is to encourage the first to fol-
 " low the footsteps of the last ; for by the
 " sentence pronounced on both, there is
 " no distinction made with regard to
 " their guilt. But he who can think of
 " the loss of a fellow-creature and a
 " piece of silk in the same light, has surely
 " a strange idea of distributive justice.
 " Goods may be restored ; but when life
 " is destroyed, restitution is impossible.

" THE frequency of public executions
 " is rendered still less efficacious, for
 " want

“ want of being conducted with more
“ seriousness and decorum. There is no
“ solemn preparation to strike an awe
“ into those who are most likely, from
“ the lowness of their birth, and the licentiousness of their education, to
“ break through all laws, human and
“ divine. The day of execution is an
“ holiday to the vulgar. It is a day of
“ wanton curiosity, on which perhaps
“ three-fourths of the unfeeling gazers
“ behold objects (except the sufferers are
“ punished for murder) less guilty, though
“ more unfortunate, than themselves.
“ While death is therefore rendered so
“ familiar by the frequency of public executions, and while those executions
“ are so improperly conducted, I wonder
“ not at the increase of robberies and
“ murders. The timid thief soon ripens
“ into the daring villain ; and when he
“ knows he can but be hanged at last,
“ let him be ever so wicked, what will
“ deter

“deter him from committing the most
“horrid crimes?”

To make you smile after all these grave reflections, what think you of “Matrimony made Easy” by a bishop of the church of England?—I am not in jest:—such a pamphlet is advertised; and if the bishop can make his words good, in the sense they will, at first sight, be generally understood, there is an end of conjugal infelicity for who will bear the disquietudes of domestic life, when they can be *made easy* at so reasonable a rate?—To make matrimony easy, is doubtless a very public-spirited employment, and not inconsistent with the episcopal character; but I am afraid the Right Reverend author of the above pamphlet promises more than he can perform.—Domestic evils are not to be charmed away by words: he who feels them at his heart,
may

may read his eyes out before he is able to remove them.

APROPOS, — I have a piece of news for you ; P—— has taken orders.—Only think of that. — There is not, perhaps, a man in the three kingdoms more disqualified by nature for the pulpit ; he would make a much better figure at the tail of a plough.—But it requires little penetration to guess at *his call* to the church.—When I saw him a few Sundays ago, making a burlesque of the character he assumed, by the natural impediment in his speech, and the acquired affectation of his manner ; the discordant tones of his voice, and the uncouthness of his whole deportment ; a couplet of Pope's darted into my head, and almost spoiled my devotion.—I could not help repeating to myself, in a kind of parody,

“ The

" The *thing* we know is neither rich nor rare,

" But wonder how the devil he got there."

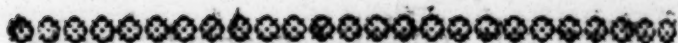
WITH this couplet I conclude, having
at present nothing more material to com-
municate.—

Your's, &c.

EDWARD.

P. S. Pray tell me what progress Sir
Charles makes in his recovery : I should
be very sorry to hear of a relapse.

LET-



LETTER XXXIV.

ELIZA to EDWARD.

SIR Charles recovers apace, to the great joy of us all; and as I know you will partake of that, I begin with the communication of it.—

I AM much obliged to you for so readily complying with my request, in sending me your Thoughts on Ancestry, and for the additional Reflections on Public Executions.

THE

The droll turn you give to the bishop's title-page diverts me not a little.—Happy, indeed, would it be for all married pairs who complain of their lot, if they could be cured of their conjugal cares for a shilling!—

Your intelligence concerning P———surprizes me, I own; though I have said a hundred times, that I wonder at nothing.—What can induce a man with so many disadvantages, to take orders; by doing which he only makes a more extensive publication of his imperfections? Much sagacity, you think, is not required to guess at his call to the church.—That he has lucrative views, I doubt not; but I very much doubt whether those views will be gratified.—He is the last man I should think of to make his fortune by the sacred function.—He is vain enough, I am sure, to expect lawn-sleeves; but he might, I believe,

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with equal reason expect the robes of royalty. — What rational hopes can a man entertain, who has no powerful patrons to support him ! If he preached like an angel, preaching alone will not do. — I have known him long enough to know, that there is a something in his disposition which will prevent him from being distinguished by those honours which are so flattering to his imagination.

OUR friend — is grown so miserable since his late acquisitions, that he is quite another creature. — You would hardly know him ; he is so much altered. — He has lost all his vivacity, and thinks of nothing but making the most of his money, with which he seems to be hourly tormented. — I saw him t'other day. — I looked at him with compassion. — A miser is the most unenviable character in the world. — The disquietude of his mind, harrowed up with
care,

e, has altered the turn of his features ; outward as well as his inward man have been changed by the revolution in circumstances.—How insufficient are riches to make us happy ! The cares they create, are far more numerous than the pleasures they procure. If those who are surrounded in wealth would own the truth, they would, perhaps, confess, that their happiness is not increased by their fortune.—However, notwithstanding these vicissitudes, it is certain that the advantages of riches, when well-directed, are infinite : they only disgrace the owner when he is unworthy of them, and exclude him from contentment, when they are abused.

HAVING nothing, as you say, more material to communicate ; for till Sir Charles is recovered, we shall sit very much at home, and consequently must be sometimes dull ; I will fill up the remainder of my sheets with a few observations of my own, for

which, like you, I make no apology, for the same reason. Among us, apologies would be as ridiculous as they unnecessary.—

“ To communicate our griefs wh
 “ we know they will not be heard w
 “ compassion, is impertinent; to
 “ part them where we are sure they
 “ be pitied, cruel. Those who are
 “ connected with us *cannot* feel the
 “ and our friends ought not to be pain
 “ — These are the dictates of reason
 “ but when we are under the press
 “ of affliction, reason and nature
 “ generally at variance, and pull diff
 “ ent ways.”—

“ WHEN we are drooping under
 “ sorrows, the true friend will end
 “ vour, with the most artful address,
 “ soothe us into a communication

“ the

them ; for *that* to a heart over-whelmed with grief, is like suppuration to a wound, by which its cure is at once prognosticated and promoted."

" A WELL-cultivated mind is no apology for a corrupted heart ; for as the defects of a person deformed are rendered more conspicuous by the richness of his coat, so is the baseness of a man's heart more exposed by the brightness of his understanding."

" THE man of true cunning conceals it. Those who *appear* to be the shrewdest people in the world, are the least so ; for they alarm suspicion, and thereby counterwork their own designs. The thorough-paced knave always wears the mask of a fool, well-

E 3

" knowing

“ knowing that his own face would be
“ tray him.”

“ THAT no man is supremely hap-
“ py, every man will readily allow
“ for every man thinks his station in life
“ might be improved by a little more
“ wealth, a little more power, and a
“ few more opportunities to gratify his
“ leading passions. Such a conclusion,
“ therefore, will be always readily ac-
“ knowledged, because the admission
“ of it at once strengthens opinion, and
“ gives a colour to complaint.”

“ WE are taught by experience, that
“ those objects which promise immedi-
“ ate advantages, operate most power-
“ fully on our hopes ; and that those
“ which threaten immediate correction,
“ most forcibly alarm our fears. — The
“ whip-

“ whipping-post and the pillory, the gib-
 “ bet and the jail, contribute more to
 “ make men honest, than all the allure-
 “ ments to virtue by the promise of fu-
 “ ture rewards, or all the dissuatives
 “ from vice, by the assurance of future
 “ punishments, from the pulpit or the
 “ press.”

“ It is not in the least surprising that
 “ riches are followed by pride, and that
 “ he who feels the consequence of a heavy
 “ purse, should discover his importance
 “ by the arrogance of his behaviour.
 “ By the general regard which is paid
 “ to wealth, pride and presumption are
 “ greatly encouraged. When a man
 “ high-favoured by fortune sees with
 “ what servility of submission, with what
 “ suppleness of carriage, he is saluted
 “ by his inferiors, he will naturally, if
 “ he has not a very uncommon under-

“ standing, in proportion to *their* abase-
“ ment, feel the force of his own exal-
“ tation.”

“ MINDS struggling with affliction,
“ fare as bodies employed in laborious
“ occupations. In proportion to the
“ strength they exert, is the injury they
“ receive.”

“ THE Humourist is a character not to
“ be envied ; for the Humourist is a stran-
“ ger to felicity. As he advances in life,
“ his disgust to mankind increases. He
“ grows fatigued with the perpetual
“ round of the same follies and vices,
“ retires to his closet full of contempt
“ for his fellow-creatures, and lives like
“ a savage in the midst of society.
“ With a temper thoroughly soured,
“ he gives himself up to peevishness and
“ misan-

EDWARD AND ELIZA. 57

“ misanthropy, and drags out the re-
“ mains of a miserable life in a state of
“ hostility against the whole world.”—

HAVE I not tired your patience?—I
have tired my own fingers, and therefore,

Adieu, &c.

ELIZA.

LET-



LETTER XXXV.

EDWARD to ELIZA.

YOUR character of ——— in his present condition, makes one not at all anxious after the possession of *riches*, on which *your* reflections are judicious; and you as justly observe, that on the right use or the abuse of them, the advantages or the disadvantages of them depend.— What blessings are they to those who know how to employ them; and what curses to those who, from a selfishness of disposition, delight merely in the possession of them, — and have never spirit enough, for fear of being reduced to want,

want, to do one generous deed!—Unsocial, unenviable wretches!—

I THOUGHT you would be diverted with my placing the bishop's title-page in a comic light.—It struck me at the first perusal of it, and I could not suppress my desire to be droll upon the occasion.

THOUGH I heartily wish Sir Charles was quite recovered, that you might see more company abroad, yet you employ yourself so very rationally at home, that I can see no proofs of your dulness in the letters you send me during your domestic captivity—I read over your Miscellaneous Thoughts with a great deal of pleasure; but shall take some opportunity to consider them more closely; for there are here and there sentiments to which I cannot immediately subscribe.—However, I must take notice of your first assertion, with regard to
the

the communication of griefs.—I readily agree with you, that the communication of them to those who we know will not compassionate them, is impertinent ; but I cannot think that we are cruel by imparting them to our friends ; that is, to those who we are sure will pity them.—Reason and nature, as you say, often pull different ways ; but with regard to the subject in question, we give no proofs of the first by resisting the impulses of the last.—

I HAVE often heard you say, that you admire pastoral poetry, when it is truly so ; and with great justice find fault with the generality of pastoral poets, for drawing pictures of rural life which bear no resemblance to their originals.—I have, with you, a very hearty contempt for the *Damons* and *Delias* of the age ; and flatter myself that I shall give you a great deal of pleasure, by transcribing a few
extracts

extracts from the eclogues of an obscure poet who lived in the last century. The author I mean is one Phineas Fletcher, a divine, and, like yourself, remarkably fond of angling. You will, I dare say, agree with me, that the bent of his mind is elegantly moral ; and will, doubtless, value him the more, when I inform you that he was Milton's favourite companion in his juvenile days ; who has in his *Lycidas* erected a lasting monument to his memory.

IN the first wish of our poet, there is so agreeable a picture of a mind calm and undisturbed, that you will be charmed with it.

But ah ! let me under some Kentish hill,
Near rolling Medway, 'mong my fellow
peers,
With fearless merry-make and piping still,
For ever pass my few, and slow-pac'd
years ;

The

The beach shall yield a safe, cool canopy,
While down I sit, and sing to th' echoing
wood ;

Ah ! singing might I live, and singing die.
So, by fair Thames or Medway's silver flood,
The dying swan, when years his temples
pierce,

In musick's strains breathes out his life
and verse,
And chanting his own dirge tides on his watry
hearse.

WHAT a pleasing picture, drawn from
the life, has our author exhibited in the
following lines !

His certain life, which never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content,
The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field re-
ceive him,
With coolest shades till noon-tide's heat is
spent ;

His

His life is neither tost in boisterous seas
Of the vexatious world, or lost in slothful
ease ;

Pleas'd and full blest he lives, when he his
God can please.—

His bed, more safe than soft, yields quiet
sleeps ;

While by his side his faithful spouse has
place,

His little son into his bosom creeps,

The lively picture of his father's face ;

Never his humble roof nor state torment him,

Less he could like, if less his fate had lent
him ;

And when he dies, green turfs with grassy
tomb content him.

THE last of these stanzas is particularly beautiful : it contains strokes of nature which touch the soul.—

THROUGH all the writings of *Fletcher*,
we meet with the same propriety of sentiment,

timent, and force of expression. As a descriptive poet he appears to great advantage, as well as a rural painter. He had the happy art of communicating what he saw and felt, in a manner at once forcible and familiar.

THE dispersion of a fog by the rays of the sun, is happily expressed in the following lines :

As when from fenny moors the *lumpish* clouds,
With rising steams, damp the bright morning's face,

At length the piercing sun his brow unshrouds,
And with his shafts the idle fog doth chase,
The broken mist lies melted all in tears—

YOU may, perhaps, not thoroughly relish the word *lumpish* ; but I think it is well-chosen ; and if you knew as much of *fenny moors* as I do, you would find a striking propriety in it.

WERE

WERE I to take notice of all the beauties of this forgotten poet, I should write a pamphlet instead of a letter. I shall therefore conclude my extracts with a passage from his *Purple island*, an allegorical poem, wherein the eulogium on Spenser* is strictly applicable to himself.

Thy strains to hear, old *Camus*^A from his cell
Comes guarded with an hundred nymphs
around ;

An hundred nymphs that in his rivers dwell
About him flock, with water-lillies crown'd ;
For thee, the Muses leave their silver well,
And marvel where thou all their art hast
found ;

There sitting they admire thy dainty
strains,

And while thy soothing accent sweetly
plains,

Feel thousand trembling joys thrill thro' their
melting veins.—

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F

You

You will not, I believe, think I have said too much in favour of a poet, who, though buried in oblivion, is fortunate in this respect, that when he lived he was celebrated by a Cowley, and that when he died he was lamented by a Milton. If the above passages afford you the entertainment which you will, I think, receive, from the proofs I have had of your poetical taste, I will endeavour to procure others by the same hand.—From you, I hope, I shall hear very soon, and remain my dear Eliza's

Ever faithful,

Ever-affectionate,

EDWARD.

P. S.

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P. S. I am still in the dark concerning the affair of which you dropped some hints in a late letter.——You recommended me indeed to patience. I will try to be patient ; but pray remember, that suspense is the life of a spider.—



LETTER XXXVI.

ELIZA to EDWARD.

MANY thanks, dear Edward, for your extracts from the Pastorals of Fletcher; there is a rural simplicity in them which delights me, and I should be very glad to see the volume from which those extracts are selected; so desirous am I to be farther acquainted with the favourite of Milton.—I have never seen more pleasing pictures of rural life than are drawn by his hand. His parental strokes are particularly affecting. — The creeping of a little son into his father's bosom, is a beautiful circumstance; and
I think

I think a painter might from our author's outlines make a very pretty family-piece of the pastoral kind. The subject you will say is hackneyed.—It is so ; but an ingenious artist may, notwithstanding, exhibit it in a new light.—You quote a passage from the *Purple Island*, from which passage I have no mean opinion of the poem itself ; but should be glad to have an explanation of the Title.—

YOU are very kind to say so many civil things about my few observations ;—and very candid too, for I doubt some of them are not a little worthy of reprehension : however, they will serve to put you upon detecting my absurdities, and controverting my opinions, when you have nothing of more consequence to merit your attention ; and I am sure that *your* remarks on *my* remarks will always be agreeable ; for I am not vain enough, with ———, to suppose that my *say-*

ings are *so* wise as to bid defiance to criticism.

How often have I told you to wait with patience for the developement of your perplexities; and how often must I recommend perseverance to you—— Really, Edward, you are the most impatient creature I ever knew.—I could say something which would elevate your spirits, and make you extremely alert; but—I chuse to stay, in order to surprise you.—I must cure you of your impatience, if I can.—All these trials are for your good.—The longer you are in your spider-state, the more exquisite will be your joy when you are out of it.— And so, beseeching you to be as quiet as you can, I will trouble you with no farther admonitions or reproofs, but gently slide into another subject with as much serenity and composure as if I had never mentioned

mentioned a word about——you know what.—

APROPOS,—You need not trouble yourself to explain the *Purple Island*; for by digging into Warton's *Observations on the Faery Queen*, which I found in Sir Charles's library, I have satisfied my curiosity.—One of that gentleman's notes has done the business; for *such* an allegorical poem I have not the least desire to peruse: but if you should meet with passages from it which you should think worth transcribing, I beg the favour of you to transmit them.

I TAKE your stroke at me for my angling-passion. You wonder, I know, how I can have patience to saunter by the side of a river whole hours with the calmness of a philosopher. Not being gifted with the above pacific virtue yourself, you wonder that others are so happily possess-

ed of it.—You are no philosopher, Edward, that is plain ; — at least, not one of the followers of Epictetus. However, let me give you a word of advice :—Reduce some of his excellent rules to practice, and you will find the advantage of such a conduct. Be patient, and you will perhaps be happy :—I say perhaps, for it is too great presumption to say that patience will certainly procure felicity.

——You will, undoubtedly, tell me in your next letter, that I am grown a mere turner of words, and twister of syllables ; and that I play upon them both with a most infantine levity.—’Tis true, I am in a playful humour with my pen, and cannot be serious if you would hang me.—One is sometimes in such a mood : and when that is the case, to resist the promptings of nature, is to undertake an impossibility. — No, no : *booman nature*, as — says, is not to be trifled with.——Pitchforks are nothing in her way :—Horace

supports

supports me in that assertion.——You see how well I remember your lessons.—There is no tutor like love ;—another assertion, the truth of which is confirmed by every day's experience.——When shall I cease to trifle ? Not yet,—because I have a great deal more to say.—Was I not right to preach up patience to you, and to recommend to your imitation the character of Epictetus ?——Indeed, Edward, I know not what's the matter with me to-night, but I find no kind of inclination to part with the “ feathered interpreter of my thoughts.”—Would not this pompous description of a pen make a good figure in a modern tragedy ?—Pray repeat it : — “ Feathered interpreter of my thoughts.”—Yes, 'tis perfectly heroic ; and I beg you would tell our friend —, that if he likes it, I will give him leave to adopt it.—I don't love to keep my good things to myself, when I think I can give any body
pleasure

pleasure by the communication of them. Am I not a benevolent creature?—Well, —to be sure I am seized with the — (I can't write the word, because it introduces brimstone to my memory; and with brimstone come a train of images not to be endured) — of writing.—But you have an exquisite nose, and will soon snuff me out, or sniff me out; chuse which word you will: —any word but **** for that, aye, that ***** in the nostrils.

To your great comfort, I am drawing to a conclusion; I have but little paper left, but that little shall be filled up, because I don't know when I shall be again in the scribbling mood.—As my spirits are now up, I am willing to exert them for the amusement of my friends, among whom you have a corner of my heart; and I never reckon the time tedious or misemployed while I think I am entertaining

taining them.—I may be mistaken when I think I entertain them, indeed ; but I am sure I mean *to* make myself agreeable to them :

All this who know me know, who love me tell.

Courage, Edward ! I am almost at the bottom of my sheet ; I shall soon release your eyes from the fatigue they have suffered by poring ever my wretched scrawl ; for I cannot have patience—there I own I want philosophy — to cut my letters with the correctness of a writing-master. —Well, now I will be very kind, and finish.—A few words more will give your eyes their wished repose.—I had a thing to say—but another time. — The plot thickens.—Farewel.

ELIZA.

LET.



L E T T E R XXXVII.

EDWARD to ELIZA.

IT is impossible to tell you, Eliza, with what a variety of sensations I perused the miscellaneous contents of your last letter. Your vivacity charms me; but the obscurity in some of your expressions checks me in the midst of my raptures; and my poor brain is puzzled to find out the drift of your dark hints. “You could tell me something, you say, which would elevate my spirits.” — Is it kind in you to suppress such intelligence? and you conclude with saying, that “the plot thickens.” — I know

know not what to make of this conclusion, being far too thick to comprehend your meaning. I must, therefore, wait for the *discovery* of it; but if you think I can wait with patience, you are mistaken; for you have quite demolished me for a philosopher. — What would I give for your æquanimity! Pray explain the obscure passages; for till they are elucidated, I can settle my thoughts to nothing. I long for an answer: — I never longed so much for an answer, since you first made an impression on the heart of

EDWARD.

LET-



LETTER XXXVIII

ELIZA TO EDWARD.

WHY, what a strange impatient creature thou art grown! You really make me laugh by your very serious confession of your embarrassment.—

You might, I think, have reasonably imagined, by the whole strain of my letter, that the plot I hinted at was not against *your* peace.—Can you suppose that I should have written with so much alacrity, if I had not some *presentiment* of our future felicity!—Yes, Edward, I have lately had strong reasons to believe that the anxieties we have suffered during our separation, are in a fair way to be removed,

moved, and that our correspondence is drawing to a conclusion.

To convince you that I have some foundation for my hopes, it is necessary to inform you that Sir Charles, (whose nuptials will be soon celebrated, if nothing unexpected intervenes) being extremely well with the Great Man, has recommended you to his patronage in so earnest a manner, that you will, I dare say, hear of advantageous proposals from that quarter. He has been indefatigable in your service, and is also so happy as to have no small influence over my father ; so that from his assiduities in our favour, we may flatter ourselves with the most agreeable prospects.—

HAVE I not, by explaining the obscure passages, given you satisfaction?—If you have any doubts, *now*, you deserve all the uneasiness which arise from them.

SATURDAY

SATURDAY next is the day fixed upon for the wedding, which I am sure would be spent more agreeably by the parties themselves, if your company was added on the occasion. But as Sir Charles and Sophy please themselves with thinking that we shall ere long follow their footsteps, they say the less about your absence.

WON'T you tax me with being too forward, if I say that I wish our day was as near? or rather, shall I not give you pleasure by my frankness? You know I can hide nothing from you; and indeed, between *us* there should be no reserve; for reserve and friendship are incompatible.

True friends the secrets of their hearts reveal,
The joys, the sorrows, which by turns they
 feel,
And from each other not a thought conceal.

THIS

THIS is but a heavy triplet I confess :
and I ought to make an apology for tack-
ing three lines so lamely together.——
Were I not writing to a *true* friend, I
should apologize for the heaviness and the
lameness of them.—

ACCORDING to Rider—not the his-
torian — we are in a spring-month ;
but according to my own sensations, we
are in a winter-one. Instead of airs,
vernal airs, whispering whence they
stole their balmy sweets, my ears are
stunned with bleak and blustering blasts ;
—And my fingers would not enable me to
write, did I not now-and-then refresh them
at a fire which would make no bad figure
in a frost.

Yours &c.

ELIZA.



LETTER XXXIX.

EDWARD to ELIZA.

THE obscure passages are so clearly explained, and so much to my satisfaction, that my doubts are all dissipated, and my heart is at ease.—What strange creatures we are, to be so agitated by hopes and fears, according to the quicker or slower motion of the animal spirits.

FROM the friendship of Sir Charles I have great expectations, because I know he is very intimately connected with the Great Man; and you may be assured,
those

those expectations are not lessened by your acquainting me of his influence on your father. These circumstances are very flattering, and I *begin* to see an *end* to the difficulties and discouragements with which we have struggled so long.—

I PRAY fervently that the sun may shine on the happy pair on Saturday next, and that every succeeding day may be as happy as the first.

THE amiable couple are very obliging to be so desirous of having my company upon the joyous occasion ; and I should with the greatest pleasure be present at the ceremony, could I with *propriety* increase the number of their friends in the temple of Hymen.

I PLEASE myself with thinking how busy you are all in preparing for the nuptial exhibition : — In short, I can

write of nothing else.—You have filled my head with so many agreeable ideas, that I am quite a new creature, and hope nothing will happen to dislodge them.

I HAVE just been reading over your last letter but one, to which I could not give an immediate answer, till those same obscurities were explained; but now I am in a humour to take notice of those parts which I could not attend to, on the first perusal of them. — What choice spirits you were in, when you wrote that letter! — Envious spirits! — charming vivacity! — Could I but hear the music of thy voice, I should be blest, indeed! — Who knows how near I am to that transporting moment!

“ O RARE Edward! you will say;
“ what, you must either be in the dumps
“ or the clouds? either in the vapours or
“ in

“ in raptures? — It is very true ; you say right : I am very apt to be in extremes ; but as you observed yourself, nature will not be thwarted.—As for my raptures *now*, I think you can neither wonder at them, nor blame them.—To be tame amidst so many flattering circumstances, is not in the power of a man of my complexion.—

I CAN make just the same complaints of the weather as you do ; it cannot be more bleak at ——— than it is at London.—My rest has for several nights past been very much interrupted by the blasts of Boreas, and till they are succeeded by gentler breezes, I shall have but little comfort ; for I have a mortal aversion to those same blasts.—What a pack of lying fellows the poets in general are in their vernal descriptions ! — many of which, if the truth were known, they penned by a good fire :—for if they had

wrote them *sub Dio*, that is, in the open air, I believe they would have produced very different pictures of an *English* spring. — However, notwithstanding my complaints of the weather, there is something so animating at this season of the year, that both my eyes and nostrils receive great entertainment ; and I wish I could enjoy it thoroughly with you in the country ; for we “ in populous city “ pent,” see not half the beauties of nature.—As I am deprived of the pleasure of making excursions far from the capital, I content myself with rambling about the environs, and from my rural walks and rural rides make shift to keep myself in health and spirits.—

OUR good and agreeable friends the T——s, are removed to a very pleasant house at ——, to whom I often pay my compliments ; and with them spend, in your absence, the chearfullest hours of my

my life.— You are frequently the subject of our conversation; and as they greatly interest themselves in our affairs; you don't know how much pleasure they expressed when I communicated some hints relating to them. You are too well acquainted with their worth and their sincerity, I am sure, to be angry with me for the confidence I repose in them.— What is life without friendship? but how rarely is friendship to be found? When it is found, can it be prized too much?—

Adieu!

EDWARD.



L E T T E R X L.

ELIZA to EDWARD.

SOPHY has lost her ——— name. The long-wished-for ceremony is over, and the new-married pair are the happiest people in the world. That their happiness may be durable I sincerely wish, and of its duration have no doubts ; for there never was a couple with better dispositions : if every couple who entered into the marriage-state had the same, we should not meet with so many peevish pairs, disgusted with each other, and murmuring at their lot.—Without mutual affection
there

there can be no matrimonial happiness,
—But I waste time in reflections.—

We made, I assure you, a very *pittoresque* appearance in our hymeneal procession.—It was quite a rural wedding. I shall not with the prolixity of a ——— describe minutely the number of our carriages, nor the order in which they were ranged.——— The village-girls scattered flowers before us as we walked to church, and the sweetest set of bells I ever heard rung us back to Sir Charles's hospitable hall, where all his tenants with their families were ready to receive us with smiling faces, and many other demonstrations of the sincerest joy.— Their joy, I can venture to say, was sincere; for Sir Charles has been a father to the parish, and is revered as well as beloved by all his neighbours.— His beneficence is equal to his benevolence, and his hand is as open as his heart.—He loves to see every
body

body happy about him ; and they who are not so in his company, must have something very wrong in their tempers, and are not capable of tasting the heart-ennobling pleasures of philanthropy.—

HARRY —, of whose good-nature we have both received so many agreeable proofs, was at the wedding ; and by his chearful assiduities to please, and constant disposition to be pleased, made his company extremely acceptable.—

SIR Charles and my father had a long conference yesterday ; and by the behaviour of the latter to me since, I have great reason to believe that it ended very much in your favour, and that you by this time have received some interesting intelligence from the former.—I am in such an agitation of spirits at present, that I cannot compose my thoughts, and consequently am quite unfit to write
letters

letters of the usual length to you.—
When matters of such moment are upon
the carpet—to talk like a politician—in
which we are ourselves so much con-
cerned, you will not wonder at my rest-
lessness nor my brevity.—

Adieu !

ELIZA.

LET-



LETTER XLI.

EDWARD to ELIZA.

YOU said in a former letter that you believed our correspondence was drawing to a conclusion; and I believe, indeed, that it is; for by shortening your letters every post, you will reduce them to mere notes. — However, I am not in the least surprized at the brevity of your last, considering the flutter you must have been in, and the anxiety you must certainly have endured, while matters of so much consequence to us are in agitation.—

YOUR

YOUR letter was accompanied with a very kind one from Sir Charles, acquainting me that he had recommended me in the most powerful manner to the ——— of ———, and that he did not doubt of my being taken notice of when an opportunity offered.—

THIS instant a messenger is arrived from the aforefaid ———, desiring me to be with him early to-morrow morning before he goes to ———. Now, indeed, Eliza, I begin to feel myself in an odd kind of a flutter; and I believe many people more philosophical than myself, would be in as unquiet a situation.—

According to the hints I have lately received from you, and the assurance Sir Charles has communicated to me, I cannot help encouraging the most flattering expectations:—but when I think of the disappointments I have met with, and the uncertainty of great men's promises, I am

am almost afraid to flatter myself with the slightest hopes.—I am ready to cry out with the Brutus of Shakespear,

O that a man might know
To-morrow's great event before it comes:
But it suffices that the day will come.

I DON'T expect to have any rest to night; for no school-boy, at breaking-up, can be more tumultuously agitated than I am at this instant.—This agitation will sufficiently plead for my brevity.—If I thought any farther apology was necessary, I should have a poor opinion of the person to whom I am now opening my heart.—

Adieu !

EDWARD.

LET-



LETTER XLII.

ELIZA to EDWARD.

THE agreeable contents of your last letter, dear Edward, made ample amends for its shortness ;—and I hope you are now out of your fluttering state, and as happy as you deserve to be after your visit to ———. You cannot imagine how much I wish to be at your elbow at this instant, and to read your looks instead of your letters.—The nearer we think we approach to a pleasing point of view, the more eagerly we desire to arrive at it ; though, perhaps, the pleasure we receive during our approximation to

to it, is more exquisite than the joy we feel when that point is gained.—Objects at a distance from our eyes often appear to greater advantage than when we are near enough to examine them with minuteness.—You see I am got into my old sentimental way.—Habits, habits, are obstinate things, and are not easily removed.—

CONSIDERING the natural curiosity of my temper, and my impatience to know every thing relating to my Edward, I think I behave with tolerable decorum.—Many women in my situation would not be able to write a line, so great would be their inquietude.—I don't pretend to extraordinary gifts, but surely you will own that my patience on this occasion is commendable:—you will probably say, that I write not as if I was under any apprehensions of hearing disagreeable news from a certain quarter; and you will

will say right.—I was never of a sanguine disposition, but am strangely inclined to believe that *our* affairs are in a prosperous train ; and as strongly impelled to imagine, that your next letter will be the most satisfactory one you ever wrote to me.—You cannot wonder, that in this state of expectation my attention is wholly engrossed by the objects which attract it—I am, indeed, so taken up in forming future schemes, that I am afraid you would think me fit to be ranked among the visionary projectors of the age, were I to communicate all my ramblings and reveries.—In short, I can attend to nothing, while fancy is so busily employed ; and therefore, for fear I should have my intellects suspected, I will lay down my pen till my rational powers can exert themselves more soberly.

Adieu!

ELIZA.
LET-

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LETTER XLIII.

EDWARD TO ELIZA.

THERE is no such thing as pure, unmixed pleasure in this world.—The force of this assertion I feel most strongly at this instant.—Your agreeable letter found me in a situation which I cannot describe.—My visit to — was happy beyond my expectations: I shall take possession next week, Eliza, of a very genteel and lucrative employment.—But how is my pleasure damped by acquainting you, at the same time, with the death of my excellent mother, who was snatched away suddenly from this world, a few hours after I had communicated the above agreeable news to her!—
Perhaps

Perhaps the extreme joy she felt at my good fortune shook her nerves with too much violence, and hastened her dissolution; for she was to all outward appearance in high health before she received it.—Do you not, therefore, pity me sincerely in my present situation; and do you not think it a trying one?——I cannot, as I said before, describe what I feel.—Such opposite events in so short a time occasion such a number of dissimilar ideas, that the mind is in the utmost confusion.—I hardly know what I write; and yet by writing I relieve my mind, that is, by writing to you, who are so much interested in all its movements.—To nobody else can I with any composure:—when I can, my first letter will be to Sir Charles — for his having kindly exerted himself in my favour, to whose friendly applications I in a great measure attribute the success I have met with. In the mean time, I beg you would make

my sincere acknowledgments to him.—
When he hears of my situation, I am
sure he will readily excuse my silence.—
My dear mother's image again occurs to
me!—When the last duties are performed
—what melancholy duties! — I shall
have more leisure to attend to those of
another kind, the performance of which
is equally necessary; for while we live
in this world, we cannot be unconnected
with it. What a helpless creature would
man be, excluded from society?—With-
out the assistance of his fellow-creatures
he would be a savage.—These reflections
make the deeper impression on me now,
because I never felt the want of your
cheerful conversation more than at this
mournful moment.—

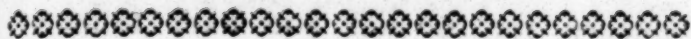
I am

Dear Eliza,

Yours, and

Only yours,

EDWARD.



L E T T E R XLIV.

ELIZA to EDWARD.

YOUR situation is, indeed, particularly embarrassing, and I feel for you very sincerely. Though I agree with you that there is no such thing as unmixed pleasure in this world, yet give me leave to add, that there is not a great deal of unmixed sorrow in it.—If we are often damped in the midst of our highest joys, we are also frequently comforted in the midst of our most poignant griefs. The duties you are going to perform are truly of the melancholy kind ; but I hope you will not let them affect you too much, and render you unfit for the

execution of your other duties.——

Were I not myself under very great concern for the loss you have sustained, I should with the warmest expressions tell you how much pleasure I receive by your promotion. — But while mournful images are before your eyes, the mixture of gay ones is highly improper. — I shall be more impatient than ever to hear from you : for every day grows more and more interesting : — fail not, therefore, to write as soon as you can. — Say only that you are well, and I shall be satisfied. —

Adieu !

Yours, &c.

ELIZA.

LET-



LETTER XLV.

EDWARD to ELIZA.

THE last, the melancholy duties to the dead have been performed, and I am now under a necessity of turning my attention to the living, among whom you at present most employ my thoughts.—As soon as decency will permit, I shall not scruple to urge your father's consent, as I flatter myself that I am now in a situation not to be rejected by him.—My mother's jointure is considerable, my new employment will be very lucrative; and to a man of your father's mercenary—(must I recall the word, or may it stand?)

—temper, I shall, I doubt not, appear in a new light.—How much uneasiness has that temper of his given us! But I hope the clouds of opposition are breaking away, and that the brightest prospects are opening to our view.—Without any metaphorical flourishes, I hope we shall very soon be very happy. .

I NEVER had such a multitude of opposite, thwarting *ideas* running about in my head at the same time, since I knew the meaning of that word. — I can with difficulty turn my thoughts to one subject, on such a variety of subjects are they divided. You cannot wonder at such dissipation at this particular juncture ; you will rather wonder, perhaps, that I am not more embarrassed ; and, indeed, I am myself surprised, that from the restlessness of my disposition my complaints are not more numerous.——O Eliza, when will this agitation of the mind

mind be at an end?—When shall I cease to be alternately deluded by hope, and distracted by fear?—How I long to put my intended project in execution with regard to your father!—But there is now another rub in my way.—He is gone into the North on very urgent business; and till he returns, I cannot negotiate with him;—for there are several things to be mentioned at an interview, which I chuse not to expose to the inspection of the clerks of the Post-office.—’Till he returns, therefore, I shall be not a little impatient.—I am very apt to be impatient:—but is not impatience in the present situation of my affairs a most pardonable failing!—How I run on!—how I trifle!—But I know I am writing to one who is too much interested in the subject of my letter, to consider too closely the wording of it.—You have always my thoughts on every subject, just as they arise

arise in my mind, without any decorations of style and ornamental flourishes, as if they were intended to be made public.—

When I write to you, I *think*, I *know*, I am writing to another self, and therefore write freely.—When we are conversing with those we love, honour, and esteem, whether in a *tête-à-tête* or in this paper way, how insensibly the time steals away! —I did not imagine it was so late by an hour, and am consequently obliged to finish much sooner than I intended.——

The post-man's bell rings me to a conclusion, and I must obey his noisy summons, otherwise I shall keep you another night in a state of suspense ;—— a state of all others to *me* the most irksome and disagreeable ; and I am sure, notwithstanding your philosophical turn, that you will thoroughly agree with me with regard to its irksomeness.——I am loth, very loth to close my sheet:—but time presses.

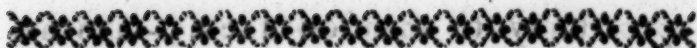
presses.—I have a thousand things to say :—I always *have* just when I have no opportunity to mention them ;—and never finished a letter with so much reluctance in my life.—Adieu, dearest Eliza.

Your own,

Your faithful,

EDWARD.

LET-



L E T T E R XLVI.

ELIZA to EDWARD.

I AM glad, by having performed the last duties to the dead, that you are under a necessity of attending to duties of a more chearful kind.—When we have done all in our power to preserve our friends with us, we must, when we are so unhappy as to lose them, endeavour to supply their places ; and not gloomily dwell on the most melancholy scenes in human life. Your new employment will luckily engage your attention, and dissipate those reflections which will, I know, frequently intrude upon a man of your
con-

contemplative cast, and exquisite sensibility.

You don't know what a flutter you have thrown me in, by mentioning your intended interview with my father.—I am agitated beyond expression, and have, I can't tell why, more anxieties about it, than I have felt since the first commencement of our acquaintance. — There is a tumult in my thoughts which I cannot describe ;—and as the execution of your scheme must necessarily be long delayed by the absence of my father, I shall be in a strange way till you have an opportunity to make your proposals in form, and attack him in his own Smithfield style. —If I allow him on this occasion to be mercenary, I must also do him the justice to say, that I believe he has sincerely my interest at heart ; and really imagines that the better bargain he makes for me, the more happiness I shall enjoy in the marriage

riage state.—It is natural for those whose ruling passion is the love of money, to suppose that fortune and felicity are synonymous terms.—It is natural, but surely 'tis highly absurd.—Nobody but a miser would think of making the latter depend upon the former; and I am afraid my good father's Mammon-ideas will not easily be removed for others of a more liberal kind.——Avarice generally increases with age, and is indeed the only passion which remains vigorous to the last stage of life.——How unlucky is this journey to the North! I say unlucky, because it prevents you from pressing him home with your proposals.—I hope you will not attribute my impatience to indelicacy, but I really should be very glad to hear that all matters were amicably settled between you:—for though I am very much inclined to believe that you will now be a “thriving wooer,” I know also that all the address you are master of

of must be exerted in order to talk *him* to your purpose. — All your eloquence will be necessary, I assure you.—But I need not tell you in what manner to make your attack; you are too well acquainted with the world to want any information, especially from me, on this head.—I cannot, however, help dwelling upon it, because I am so deeply interested in *your* success.—I shall think the time horribly tedious, till you have an opportunity to do what I am satisfied you are as anxious about as myself.—If my father meets with no proposals before he comes to Town, which he thinks too advantageous to be rejected, I flatter myself that you will stand a good chance.—But if he should return with a rival,—I tremble to think what will become of me!—*My* situation will then be truly perplexing. How ingenious we are to torment ourselves!—I will not encourage reflections so dark and disagreeable.

SIR

SIR Charles and Lady T—— both chide me extremely, whenever they see me in a disconsolate way,—a way I am too apt to be in—and very kindly tell me that every thing will end well, and according to my wishes.—They are good creatures; and without their comforting conversation, I should, I am afraid, frequently indulge the melancholy mood, to the prejudice of my health, as well as the destruction of my peace.——Amiable pair!—You would be charmed with their behaviour to each other:—they are always together, and I never met with two people who thought more alike; indeed, it is by thinking so much alike, and by acting with so much propriety, that they are loved, honoured, and esteemed, by all who are acquainted with them: by the poor they are almost adored.—Such characters are rare; but how worthy are they of imitation!—I could write upon their virtues until my fingers would no longer

longer wag; but though my fingers are not tired, my eyes are so heavy, that I can hardly keep the lids from closing.—

I was so much disturbed last night by the high wind, (which has made great havoc among our trees and tiles) that I am drowsy to-night much sooner than usual.

—But drowsy as I am, I can with my accustomed spirit assure you, that nothing shall erase the image of Edward from the heart of his

ELIZA.

VOL. II.

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LET-



LETTER XLVII.

EDWARD TO ELIZA.

THE eyes of Edward are never so highly pleased, as when they are looking at the letters of Eliza.—Yes, Eliza, your letters always give me the highest entertainment.—The letters of a true friend are invaluable treasures, and the collection which you have furnished me with, I would not exchange for any manuscripts in the British museum.—But I would not have you shew this paragraph to ———, for he would certainly brand it with the name of an *extravaganza*, a flight, because he himself thinks no manuscripts out of that repository worth reading.

reading.—Is not this whim of his, however, very reprehensible?—Now I mention the Museum,—how oddly ideas are associated!—I cannot help recollecting some of the conversations which passed between us in our favourite walk—the *shady* one.—Those days in which we could enjoy our personal interviews uninterrupted, were supremely happy.—How imperceptibly the hours stole away, while we slowly sauntered side by side; and how did we lingering quit our garden-views, when the moment of departure arrived!—It is with the utmost delight that I remember the many pleasing and interesting conversations we there enjoyed: yet that delight is sometimes dashed by the recollection of those occurrences which put an end to them. But on those occurrences I will not encourage my thoughts to ramble;—they are but too ready to dwell upon disagreeable things, in spite of all my efforts to turn them into another channel.

channel.—I often think, while I am writing to you, that I crowd too many reflections into my letters ; I check myself frequently in the middle of a meditation ; and stop my pen, for fear I should grow a mere moralist ; a pedantic prater. At this moment I feel the *reflector* busy at my elbow ; but I will shake him from me, as I would the impertinent Jack —, who, you know, is distinguished among his friends by the name of the *Intruder* : a character which was always extremely contemptible in my eyes ; for there is nothing so hateful to me as the insignificant tattling of a coxcomb who breaks in upon you at all hours, without any regard to propriety, and draws off your attention from business of consequence to his empty small-talk.—Lady T—— justly calls such a fellow a *queer being*. Queer enough, indeed ; and I am so unlucky as to meet with many of those *beings* every day.—You are in no place,
nor

nor at any time safe from their visits, nor secure from their impertinence.—

They pester you at church as well as the play. — Horace and Boileau have with exquisite strength and humour exhibited these animals in their proper colours ; and in a satire of Donne's modernized by Pope, you have also the same character painted in a masterly manner.—

O HOW I wish for the return of your father from his journey !—

I HAVE this moment heard that something unexpected has occasioned a more speedy return than he intended, and that he will, if no accident happen, be in town on Friday next.—You may believe I shall gladly and eagerly seize the first opportunity to wait on him.—Now, Eliza, our affairs, I think, are actually drawing to a conclusion. *Friday* will be an interesting day, and I hope a successful one.—I never looked forward with so much

impatience, with such a mixture of hope and fear ;—in short, with all the various sensations that can possibly agitate a lover's breast, and with which your tender bosom will probably be agitated at the perusal of this paragraph.—

I HARDLY know what I am writing, so great is the flutter of my spirits ; and yet I am impelled to write on by I know not what irresistible power.—I seem to write mechanically :—I move my fingers almost without feeling my pen.—But I must make an effort and check myself, while I have just sense enough to know that I am growing very nonsensical. — A poet remarkable for his gallantry tells us, that

Non sense itself is eloquence in love :

But I doubt there is more gallantry than truth in this line.—

Adieu !

And think on

EDWARD.



LETTER XLVIII.

ELIZA to EDWARD.

THINK on Edward! Aye, that I do:—he is never out of my thoughts; for waking or sleeping, his image presents itself to my mind's eye.—

DON'T imagine, my dear Edward, that I dream when I write thus :—I am perfectly in my senses, and without the least tendency to a delirium.—I do, indeed, perpetually think of you and your intentions, and heartily pray for your success on the important day, which you hope will be decisive in our favour.—I did not

believe my father would return so speedily :—but as you express so much joy at the news, I am truly glad of it.——In his last letter to me, he said, that the business which carried him to —— would keep him, he was afraid, a great while.—He wrote as if the journey was not agreeable ; and therefore I dare say he is glad to be countermanded.—

My flutterings come on so very fast, that I have not spirits to write any longer.—I will not say I have not strength to hold my pen ; I hate affectation too much to give myself such absurd airs ; but I really cannot with any composure go on ;—and so,

My dear Edward,

Pray believe,

That you are never forgotten by Your

ELIZA.

P. S. Lady T—, to whom I have read your letter, has heard what you have with regard to my father's return ;—so that I look forward with you to Friday, in a situation of mind the most anxious to be imagined. If I don't express myself so clearly as I ought, you must to that situation impute the confusion of my ideas.

LET-



LETTER XLIX.

EDWARD to ELIZA.

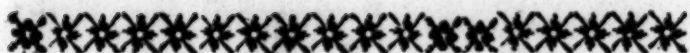
YOUR father, my dear Eliza, arrived on Thursday night, but late; I therefore thought it better to let him refresh himself with a night's rest, before I made him a visit of such consequence.—Yesterday morning I waited on him,—and——but I won't keep you in suspense:—Every thing is settled between us to my utmost wish.—He consents to make us happy, and has made concessions in my favour which I never expected, but for which I shall always love, honour and esteem him.—I send this short epistle by express to put an end to all your flutter and anxieties, but am
too

too much dissipated with joy to write all the particulars which occurred at our interview :—a detail of those would take up too much time.—Now I am completely happy, for now I shall no longer be deprived of my dear Eliza's conversation, for which I have so long sighed in a kind of banishment from her presence.—On the receipt of this, I hope you will employ yourself in making preparations for our wedding-day, the nomination of which I leave to yourself :—only consider the natural impatience of my temper, and be not long in fixing it.

Yours for ever,

EDWARD.

LET-



L E T T E R L.

ELIZA to EDWARD.

I CANNOT express by words the joy which I felt at the receipt of your dear letter. — What charming contents! I flew with it directly to Sir Charles and Lady T—, who both enjoyed sincerely the happy conclusion of our anxieties.

THIS minute I have received a letter from my father—the kindest imaginable.— He loves you, I am sure, by what he says of you, and is sorry he has been so long blind to your merit.—Lady T— is as eager to have the wedding-day over as
you

you can be, and tells me she will gladly assist me in making preparations. — As for fixing the day, I think, as my father has behaved in so generous a manner, he ought to be consulted about it : and I am willing to believe that you, on second thoughts, will see the propriety of this proposal.—But in this point, you shall yourself determine. — A servant of Sir Charles waits for this letter, otherwise I would write more :—But I hope we shall soon have no occasion to converse with each other through the post-office.—

Adieu !

ELIZA.

LET-



LETTER LI.

EDWARD to ELIZA.

THE propriety of your proposal struck me immediately, and I communicated the filial part of your letter to your father, who was highly pleased with it.—Your father's present behaviour cancels all his former from my memory, and makes me the happiest man in the world.—He has pitched upon the first of May for our nuptials, because he was himself married on that day, and because his own marriage was uncommonly fortunate.—He has a slight touch of superstition on this occasion;—but it is very excusable.

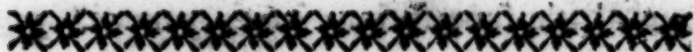
—I

—I fully intend to be with you on Friday next :—*Friday* was a lucky day.—I am a little superstitious now, you will tell me, and with reason ;—however, superstition apart, I shall always reflect on that particular day with the highest satisfaction, because it was productive of the highest happiness to me. — Can it therefore be remembered with too much pleasure ?—How I long to see you !—how I wish for Friday !

Adieu !

EDWARD.

LET-



LETTER LII.

ELIZA to EDWARD.

FRIDAY is arrived, but not with Friday is Edward arrived!—What means this delay at this time?—What new obstructions to our mutual felicity? Have I not reason to be alarmed? If you could not come yourself on the day you appointed, could you not have wrote to me? O Edward, I know not what to think of this delay ;—and I am the more alarmed, because I know you are remarkable for punctuality, except prevented by illness, which I sincerely hope is not now the cause either of your absence
or

or your silence.—But I have a thousand fears for your safety, at the same time that I chide you for your neglect.—You know my heart; you know how tenderly I love you; and therefore cannot wonder that I am thus disturbed in the midst of so many fortunate occurrences.—I am not the only person disturbed on this occasion, though you may be sure the most deeply affected.—Sir Charles and Lady T—— are equally surprized at your not coming yourself, or sending a line of information.—For God's sake, Edward, when this comes to your hands, dispatch the messenger who brought it with the reason of your delay, without staying to write about it: a verbal message will be sufficient, for I shall not have a moment's peace till he returns.—The poetical ravings of distracted lovers are nothing to the pangs which at this instant tear the tortured heart of your

ELIZA.



TO this letter no answer was returned; no answer could be returned; for Edward, soon after he had sent his dispatches to the Post-office, was seized with a fever in his head, which in a few hours put an end to all his prospects in this world.—A messenger was sent off by the editor of these sheets (who was with his friend when he was attacked, and performed the last duties) to Eliza, to acquaint her with the unhappy situation of her lover, and to inform her, that she must lose no time, if she expected to see him alive.—Eliza came; but she came too late to hear him articulate.—He expired in her arms, a few moments after her arrival; and those whose hearts are not void of sensibility, will imagine the situation of Eliza at that juncture,

junction, without the assistance of any rhetorical flourishes to heighten their compassion. To the *feeling* reader, few words are forcible; on the *unfeeling* one, the strongest will have no effect.

F I N I S.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

was to conduct the study of the
history of the United States
from the time of the first
settlement to the present
time. The study was to be
conducted in the following
manner: The student was to
be assigned a certain number of
pages to read, and was to
write a paper on the subject
of the reading.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



